





# THE DANCE OF SOME TIMES AHEAD

ZEUS is THEOS (R. Alan Jensen, Zeus, front cover)  
 the open orifice of negative space:  
 black dripping around through the body in out one and  
 the other... the GodMan both positive and negative fill-  
 ing the space he empties with his presence...Is and is  
 not... the stride of an animal the gaze of the void/  
 composed of forces in flux never still never changing/  
 compose arrange decompose rearrange// energy and matter  
 united by consciousness of being...a totem a totus a-total  
 yet whole// the masculine myth perpetrating penetrating  
 ploughing the abstract with the real, sowing the real  
 with his abstract...defining with mind and body SWALLOWED  
 devoured by the wet night... breathing fecund blackness...  
 exhaling disciplined chaktra breath from the base of his  
 spine flowing through the nerve pillars as water  
 through a pipe/ rising to the nostril  
 flowing back into the holder of all/  
 the annihilation of neither inhalation  
 nor exhalation...the between--  
 holding the world tide with the  
 will// air weight overflowing  
 flooding back down the pipes  
 bring the light and the  
 carnival game of ring the  
 bell down to the base of  
 the spine... imagine  
 a point of light a  
 radiance moving up  
 the spine when  
 breathing in  
 down when  
 breathing  
 out  
 take it  
 as far  
 as light  
 will go,

## AGE

until you  
 hold the light  
 in your head  
 balanced between  
 the inner and the  
 outer. The lungs are  
 intermediaries for  
 life; yeilding the  
 inner to the source  
 grasping eeking life  
 from the outside....  
 the crucified are as-  
 phixiated, the lungs con-  
 stricted by the weight; the  
 new born cry for air: the Free  
 God Man Lives Now! The pan-  
 erotic, genetalized man, all-penus  
 all-love waddling striding through  
 ambiguity only knowing not seeing only  
 seeing not knowing... the penus as aggressor,  
 as sole experiencer alone, the throne of all power and  
 action is emasculated, merged with, dissolved into the  
 whole; absolutism fallen to cellular anarchical harmony

She rests within a moon-soft image of herself,  
 content to circuit hopelessly the shadows of her own  
 delight. The New Year and the great carnival of  
 games: the Bachanalian revolution: The circle without  
 a center: the tower without a top: The square that  
 insists that it be circled. Or the new old man who  
 would be taught by the gracious dippings of her pen-  
 dulous thighs. He the genius who had no grace will  
 now learn all the games and play them well. To be  
 a gracious host himself. Now he will live with the  
 danger: the love of the flow of fate. Live danger-  
 ously! He will drop out of history and ravenous  
 desire into the No-Year. Amor Fati. Und Also Sora-  
 ch.

## ASK

The old man was not so much a villain as  
 a boring dolt drugged by a limited and  
 repressive reality. The world -his-  
 was seen through the rough media  
 of machines, and God was the  
 Mastercraftsman...the watch  
 maker...time-tinker, with  
 a sensitivity to gears.  
 Gears: the translators  
 of death into death  
 ...fast or slow de-  
 pending upon the con-  
 dition of the thy-  
 roid. Assembly  
 line education.  
 Insane abstrac-  
 tion...or the  
 lean and hungry  
 abstraction: Pa-  
 triotism.

## WAD

They wanted an  
 "honorable peace"  
 when their minds  
 stank of statistics:  
 counting the dead.  
 The football was a  
 war toy. Concepts were  
 rigged for infinite de-  
 bate always on the seem-  
 ing edge of solution. The  
 guilty sequence or the end-  
 less game of guilt and re-  
 tribution...when there was no  
 justice. Democracy as hiding  
 one's navel from the neighbor's  
 children. The collapse of grand  
 sentiments. A man's home was his cas-  
 tle...or...the king's toilet as the  
 sentimental domestic ground for a little  
 spat with the queen or a "gentle" kiss.  
 Now he will throw away the masks -- the infinite dis-  
 play of individual and corporate wills-- by seeing them  
 and making them fine. The feminine morality. The con-  
 science of the coquette.

(Above The Woman in the Round by R.Allen Jensen)

## FOR

## DESTRUCTIVENESS

## MAGOO

## WILL

## COLOR

## SUSAN'S

## THURSDAY

## CALCULATIONS







# I A CALL TO AND MANY OTHERS CELEBRATION KNOWN AND UNKNOWN TO ME CALL YOU:

A CALL TO CELEBRATION  
400 CENTRAL PARK WEST  
APT. 16 D.  
NEW YORK, N.Y., 10025.

## --GO CELEBRATE

our joint power to provide all human beings with the food, clothing and shelter they need to delight in living.

## --GO DISCOVER

together with us, what we must do to use mankind's unlimited power to create the humanity, the dignity and the joyfulness of each one of us.

## --GO BE RESPONSIBLY AWARE

of your personal ability to express your true feelings and to gather us together in their expression.

**WE** can only live these changes: we cannot think our way to humanity. Every one of us, and every group with which we live and work, must become the model of the era which we desire to create. The many models which will develop should give each one of us an environment in which we can celebrate our potential: and discover the way into a more humane world.

**WE** are challenged to break the obsolete social and economic systems which divide our world between the overprivileged and the underprivileged. All of us, whether governmental leader or protestor, businessman or worker, professor or student share a common guilt. We have failed to discover how the necessary changes in our ideals and our social structures can be made. Each of us, therefore, through our ineffectiveness and our lack of responsible awareness, causes the suffering around the world.

**ALL** of us are cripples - some physically, some mentally, some emotionally. We must, therefore, strive cooperatively to create the new world. There is no time left for destruction, for hatred, for anger. We must build, in hope and joy and celebration. Let us cease to fight the structures of the industrial age. Let us rather seek the new era of abundance with self-chosen work and freedom to follow the drum of one's own heart. Let us recognize that a striving for self-realization, for poetry and play, is basic to man once his needs for food, clothing, and shelter have been met - that we will choose those areas of activity which will contribute to our own development and will be meaningful to our society.

**BUT** we must also recognize that our thrust toward self-realization is profoundly hampered by outmoded, industrial-age structures. We are presently constrained and driven by the impact of man's ever-growing powers. Our existing systems force us to develop and accept any weaponry system which may be technologically possible; our present systems force us to develop and accept any improvement in machinery, equipment, materials and supplies which will increase production and lower costs; our present systems force us to develop and accept advertising and consumer seduction.

**IN** order to convince the citizen that he controls his destiny, that morality informs decisions, and that technology is the servant rather than the driving force, it is necessary to distort information. The ideal of informing the public has given way to trying to convince the public that forced actions are actually desirable actions.

**MIS** calculations in these increasingly complex relationalizations and consequent scandal, account for the increasing preoccupation with the honesty of both private and public decision makers. It is, therefore, tempting to attack those holding roles as national leader, professor, student. But such attacks on individuals often disguise the real nature of the crisis we confront: the demonic nature of present systems which force man to consent to his own deepening self destruction.

**WE** can escape from these dehumanizing systems. The way ahead will be found by those who are unwilling to be constrained by the apparently all-determining forces and structures of the industrial age. Our freedom and power are determined by our willingness to accept responsibility for the future.

**INDEED** the future has already broken into the present. We each live in many times. The present of one is the past of another, and the future of yet another. We are called to live knowing and showing that the future exists, and that each one of us can call it in, when we are willing, to redress the balance of the past.

**IN** the future we must end the use of coercive power and authority: the ability to demand action on the basis of one's hierarchical position. If any one phrase can sum up the nature of the new era, it is the end of privilege and license. Authority should emerge through a particular ability to advance a specific shared purpose. We must abandon our attempt to solve our problems through shifting power balances or attempting to create more efficient bureaucratic machines.

**WE** call you to join man's race to maturity; to work with us in inventing the future. We believe that a human adventure is just beginning: that mankind has so far been restricted in developing its innovative and creative powers because it was overwhelmed by toil. Now we are free to be as human as we wish.

**THE** celebration of man's humanity through joining together in the healing expression of one's relationships with others and one's growing acceptance of one's own nature and needs will clearly create major confrontations with existing values and systems. The expanding dignity of each man and each human relationship must necessarily challenge existing systems.

**THE** call is to live the future: let us join together joyfully to celebrate our awareness that we can make our life today the shape of tomorrow's future.

(This document was created by people of several countries and will be available in many languages: their names are not important for they have tried to express the spirit of an age.; You may circulate any part of it in any form. It is meant to grow: you are challenged to improve words, paragraphs, change its form, translate it into music, poetry, pictures, tape. . .



# GOD BLESS US EVERYONE AND CLAP CANTAGA

1 Chorus of policemen (women) enter bearing railroad flares, garbed in flowing black leather surplises with white silk shawls on which is embroidered BACH, MOZART, TOLSTOY, JOE HILL, GERTRUDE STEIN, JAMES DEAN, and singing:

What They Sang:  
blues:  
WHAT THEY SANG:

Singing children of the City,  
father to a thousand ends;  
Singing children of the City,  
mother to the metal trends;  
Leaving the City a flagpole's brother;  
head like a plumber's friend.

3

Control of VD might be likened somewhat to the extermination of insects in your home. More years ago than some of our teenage VD patients of today have lived, perhaps, the only means of controlling the insect population in the home was by means of sweet-coated, sticky, spiraled fly-catcher tapes which were suspended from the ceilings. These worked reasonably well, but there were always too many flies and mosquitoes which eluded the trap.

Since those days, of course, the much more sophisticated insecticide-dispensing aerosol cans have replaced the unsightly and messy fly-catcher tapes. But even today if you really want to whip the fly problem you will put up screens on all the doors and windows and keep them out in the first place. For there are always flies, heartier flies perhaps, for whom the insecticides will have little or no effect.

Still, it is not quite enough just to provide snug-fitting screens. Hence, the perennial reminder uttered in every home by older and wiser heads and with considerable force: "Shut that screen door; you're letting all the flies in!"

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2 Police leave the room in threes until auditorium stage is empty except for a giant gilt crucifix and a small lost girl in party jumper who sits center stage, crying. Policewoman, leather surplice half off

revealing a bitten mottled breast, rushes back into auditorium and corks the child with the crucifix; soft applause from the peripheral Showmen; policewoman rushes off.

Did you ever wake up with your mind in a paper hole?  
Ummmm Ooooooh Lawd Lawd in a paper hole?  
And you know the Company, Company startin to take its toll?

4

Showmen change to Bob Dylan motly and proceed to mock and parody hip-ocricy, viciousness, selfishness etc. of society at large and Showmen in particular.

5

CHORALE  
IN LEATHER  
RETURNS: SINGS  
What They Sang:  
spiritual:  
WHAT THEY SANG.

Mirrors are evenly distributed over entire scene adding to confusion.

Children go where I send thee,  
Soon we shall mend thee,  
Upend and suspend thee,  
in hours and hours  
Of artificial flowers, children  
GO WHERE I SEND THEE!\*

Small corkling on stage is joined by childrens crusade Of others of tender age and all are laid

end to end suspended by chain thru hooks and mind-screws in crucifixes.

Chains begin to clank;  
Pulleys begin to turn.

Crucifixes and children begin to revolve in slow oval. Chorale breaks into sophisticated part singing until words are rendered completely incomprehensible and only sweet sweet music remains.\*

Invisible saint dressed in robes so dark that all light is absorbed shrieks in mirror-shattering high pitch. "Mirrors cannot be properly buggered! Reflections have no behinds which is what distinguishes the Mind of Man from other baser smooth surfaces. Figure in dark flails wildly as theologian in shimmering white catches him squarely from behind and somewhat underneath. Always a clear and present danger when one begins to see oneself reflected in figures of sanctity.\*

\*FLOWER CHILDREN TAKE NOTE:

\*FLOWER CHILDREN TAKE NOTE:

## DAMPTRUCK BABY

JOHN CANNICK



## HOME

In the eighteenth century the position of the United States was roughly that of Norway in the world today. It was a relatively poor, weak power, insignificant in international affairs, but also self-reliant, individualistic and full of confidence. It was highly idealistic, believing strongly in the future of political democracy. Like Norway now, it was a society without extremes of wealth or poverty. Its single failure was the failure to deal with the problem of slavery--an evil which, in the confident mood of the age, it was believed would gradually wither away. This was the society which created the Bill of Rights. Its attitude to the outside world was civilized and modest, as illustrated by Jefferson's advice to his countrymen that they should show "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

Today in many respects the United States is almost the opposite of what it was originally. It is now enormous, wealthy, powerful, dominating the globe and arrogantly contemptuous--as is shown by the Vietnam war--of the opinions of mankind. It is a society disfigured by vast inequalities of wealth and poverty, a society in which billionaires and rat-infested slums can flourish side by side. Large segments of the population have lost their idealism and their faith in democracy, and would feel perfectly at home under an authoritarian rule. As Chief Justice Warren has observed, should the Bill of Rights today be put to a popular vote, it would almost certainly be rejected.

Throughout the nineteenth century, the great majority of the American people retained its faith in democracy. Public opinion was characterized by three fundamental attitudes: (1) a pride in the United States as the home of political freedom and social equality, and as an asylum for the oppressed of other lands--a pride that was symbolized by the Statue of Liberty (2) a sympathy with revolutionary movements abroad and with colonial peoples--Irish, Indians, Egyptians--struggling to be free (3) a detestation of militarism such as prevailed in the German, Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires--and a conviction that the civil power should be dominant over the military.

In contemporary America these three sentiments have plainly lost most of their vitality, even though self-serving public men still find it expedient to pay lip service to them. The Statue of Liberty, the first glimpse of which had often drawn tears from many an immigrant, was replaced as a symbol by Ellis Island, where immigrants were made to feel that they were both inferior and unwanted. For forty years--from the nineteen twenties onward--a policeman, the repellent J. Edgar Hoover, became the tutelary guardian of the republic against evils real or imagined. The House Un-American Activities Committee--generally dominated by reactionary and racist southerners--established itself as an inquisitorial device for repression of independent thought and promotion of servile conformity. Leading defenders of freedom in 19th century America, such as Justices Brandeis and Cardozo, lived long enough to hear themselves accused of being un-American. The same preposterous epithet was vainly used to discredit Albert Einstein--the most distinguished exile that ever came from Europe to America. There followed the ignominious and shameful era of McCarthy and McCarron--suspicious, vengeful and malignant--when the country of Jefferson and Lincoln fell victim to the hullyng ways of a fraudulent demagogue.

## ABROAD

While these things were happening at home, abroad the United States was displaying attitudes no less reactionary. The deliberate aggression of the Spanish-American war--its chauvinism promoted by the Hearst press--marked the beginning of an American imperialism, as vulgar and as greedy as any that the Old World had ever known. F.D. Roosevelt was to be the last president to champion the rights of colonial peoples. Had he lived to carry out his resolve to free Indo-China from French domination, it is almost certain that America would have been spared its present ruinous involvement in Vietnam. Instead, under Eisenhower and Dulles, the United States did its utmost to bolster French military power and deny freedom to a subjugated people. To such a betrayal of the generous traditions of the past had the nation been brought by an abject and obsessive fear of communism. A well-nigh pathological dread of revolution replaced the almost instinctive sympathy with it which men like Abraham Lincoln had once felt. Today--whatever Dean Rusk may say--perhaps for a majority of humanity the United States has come to stand as the policeman of the world, a global gendarme defending the status quo with all its inequities against any attempt to redress them. The United States of Jefferson might have admired Che Guevara as it admired Simon Bolivar, but today the ardent revolutionary who sacrificed his life for an ideal and whose name is universally cherished among the oppressed peoples of Latin America is denounced in the United States as a bandit and a criminal. Nothing marks more plainly than this the hostility of official America towards what has been termed 'the revolution of rising expectations'--a movement which undeniably is making its presence felt throughout the world.

In a book called America and the World Revolution, written in 1962, Arnold Toynbee--a life-long friend and admirer of the United States--draws on his knowledge of ancient history to drive home a painful lesson. "Today," he writes, "America is no longer the inspirer and leader of the World Revolution, and I have an impression that she is embarrassed and annoyed when she is reminded that this was her original mission... America is today the leader of a world-wide anti-revolutionary movement in defence of vested interests. She now stands for what Rome stood for. Rome consistently supported the rich against the poor in all foreign communities that fell under her sway; and, since the poor, so far, have always and everywhere been far more numerous than the rich, Rome's policy made for inequality, for injustice, and for the least happiness of the greatest number."

## MILITARISM

The third characteristic of nineteenth century America--its abhorrence of militarism--is even more a fading memory than the sympathy with revolution and the pride in democratic freedom. As the result of twenty years of Cold War, the military have come to dominate contemporary American life in a way that would have seemed inconceivable to any previous generation of Americans. What has happened, in effect, is that a democracy has been transformed almost imperceptibly into a 'garrison state.' Since outward democratic forms, however, have been preserved, most citizens are not even aware that a vast, and possibly irreversible, shift in power has taken place.

In this unprecedented militarization of American life, Big Business--the business of building up armaments, euphemistically styled 'defence'--has played the leading role. So powerful has been the combination of military and industrial influence that a new term was coined by President Eisenhower to describe it. "In the councils of government," he gravely warned on leaving office in 1961, "we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." It is a nice question whether or not Eisenhower's warning was not already too late. In any case, he himself has since become an apologist for the danger that he once deplored. Worse still, with a Democratic President in office, organized labor--which has also realized prosperity through war in Vietnam--appears to have joined the complex, thereby giving it a mass basis and a mass vote.

The military-industrial complex, declared Senator Fulbright on December 13, 1967, has become "a major economic and political force that is corrupting the universities, deepening the crisis of poverty and race, and weakening the historic effect of the American 'example.'" "More and more," he pointed out, "our economy, our government, and our universities are adapting themselves to the requirements of continuing war--total war, limited war and cold war." Fulbright found it bitterly ironic that our struggle against militarism, begun a quarter of a century ago, should have ended by "making ourselves into a militarized society." He rightly stressed that this sinister development was not the consequence of a deliberate conspiracy by munition makers and people of that ilk, but was instead 'the inevitable result of the creation of a huge, permanent military establishment, from which workers made their living and business its profit.

These salutary warnings--which gained Fulbright the reputation of a crackpot from Hearst and other jingoists--were endorsed and enlarged six days later by Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. "There are three major threats," said Senator Clark, "to the survival of American democracy--the military-industrial complex, the F.B.I. and the C.I.A." The press in general, as might have been expected, paid scant attention to such warnings, so that the American public remains as uninformed and as apathetic as before. It seems more interested in sport than in survival.

The Defense Department, which might be termed the government agency of the military-industrial complex, spends some eighty billion dollars a year on arms and military equipment. Of this gigantic sum, thirty billion are devoted to a futile and senseless war in Vietnam--money that might be used to abolish poverty and get rid of every slum in America. But, as the Report from Iron Mountain, for all its irony, suggests truly enough, from the point of view of those who control policy, "poverty is necessary and desirable, public statements of politicians to the contrary notwithstanding." "The sad fate of the Great Society," comments the economist Robert Lekachman, "amply demonstrates the grave inadequacy of social improvement as an outlet for the surplus resources and idle men." Spending upon armaments is no doubt the basic reason for the continuous prosperity which the United States has experienced for almost seven years as also for the reluctance of Washington to seek for peace in Vietnam more rigorously than it has done.

The power over American life concentrated in the hands of the few who have the spending of this vast military budget is enormous. As Senator Fulbright has observed, "it forms a giant concentration of socialism in our otherwise free enterprise economy." When it is remembered that 86% of all research and development money goes for military purposes, the dominance of the complex over American universities may well be imagined. "You are the most dangerous body of men at present in the world," Paul Goodman told some of the leaders of the military-industrial complex when he recently addressed them. "the best service that you people could perform is rather rapidly to phase yourselves out, passing on your revelant knowledge to people better qualified."

Congress, which controls this gigantic concentration of power, is in fact subservient to it. The armed services committees of the two Houses which should act as vigilant watchdogs upon the military are actually its obedient spokesmen. Of all the lobbies which seek to exploit the self-interest and the fear of Congressmen, the military lobby is perhaps the most powerful and the most dangerous. Arthur Schlesinger reports that President Kennedy once told Pandit Nehru that the pressure which the military sought to exert upon him was "indeed enormous". He proceeded to name particular congressmen, generals, and industries. To these very pressures President Johnson seems to have succumbed.

Where Congress is niggardly in its appropriations for the relief of even the most pressing social needs, it gladly votes--indifferent to waste--the astronomic sums demanded for armaments. It even urged Secretary McNamara to spend more money on arms than the Defense Department thought necessary. McNamara's recent resignation removes the last check not only on further escalation of the war in Vietnam, but also on the increase of armament spending at home. "Thank God," was Dr. Edward Teller's exultant reaction to the news of McNamara's enforced departure.

## "AID"

The lavish spending of the military-industrial complex at home is matched by the profligacy of its spending abroad. The truly incredible figures were laid before the Senate by Senator Frank Church on June 26, 1967. During the past twenty-five years, he revealed, the United States has given away twenty billion dollars' worth of arms throughout the 'free world'. In the same period, it has sold abroad sixteen billion dollars' worth, and during the next decade it counts on selling a further fifteen billion dollars' worth. The United States, said Senator Church, is today by far the largest dispenser of arms in the world--that is to say, by far the greatest purveyor of probable death and destruction in a world that cries out for funds with which to combat poverty, hunger, illiteracy and disease. Washington distributes throughout the world six times as many weapons as are dispensed by its nearest competitor in this deplorable competition--the Soviet Union.

The underdeveloped world which so desperately needs money for peaceful reconstruction, has also been debauched through

## LATIN AMERICA

As for the subversive effect upon democracies of providing them with jet planes, tanks and heavy artillery, one need but consider Latin America. Since 1962, seven military dictatorships have been established there--in Guatemala, Peru, S. Domingo, Honduras, Ecuador, Brazil and Argentina--all of them as the direct or indirect result of American military aid. Notwithstanding the particularly ruthless suppression of democracy by General Castelo Branco in Brazil in April 1965, Washington immediately offered its warm congratulations to the new dictator. "Secretary Rusk," wrote Edwin Lieuwen, "saw in the coup a victory for democracy and constitutional government." Washington was equally prompt to felicitate the Argentine dictatorship in 1966 only a few hours after American TV screens showed the brutal suppression of academic freedom at the University of Buenos Aires, the faces of students and faculty still streaming with blood from beatings administered by the police. Thus the warfare state in North America spawns evil progeny in South America as well. "Many of these Latin oligarchies and would-be dictators," said Senator Morse on September 16, 1967, "are using the American military to stay in power. They count on its gullibility, and on our over-riding obsession with communism, to hold back the tide that would otherwise sweep them away."

The result of our support for military dictatorships may have disastrous effects upon the future of South America. For as Lieuwen elsewhere observes (in a passage quoted by Senator McCarthy): 'militarism in Latin America today, in contrast to both communism and democracy, is a political force that, on balance, brings social change and reform programs to a halt. It does not, therefore, constitute an alternative choice to the progress of social revolution: it merely holds up that revolution.'

## GREECE

No less shameful has been the overthrow of democracy in Greece by a handful of ignorant and fanatical generals, who also seized power through weapons supplied by America, perhaps with the covert support of the C.I.A. Their pretext was the usual threadbare one--that of Trujillo in S. Domingo, of Duvalier in Haiti, of Stroessner in Paraguay and of bone-head generals everywhere--that they were saving their country from communism. To achieve this laudable end, Sophocles and Euripides were banned, together with "Never on Sunday", while Merlina Mercouri, who had perhaps done more than any other individual to arouse sympathy for Greece in America, was deprived of her citizenship. While several thousand Greek citizens, including some of the most distinguished figures in contemporary Greek life, were arrested without charge--some of them being beaten and tortured in an Aegean concentration camp--William Randolph Hearst, Jr., the ex-champion of Joseph McCarthy, gave his blessing to the regime. The generals, he explained, had simply got "tired of fooling around." No doubt in the Pentagon today there are many military men who look wistfully towards the Greek, Brazilian and other dictatorships, anxious for a similar solution, and a similar end to democracy, in this country. Stone Age types like Curtis LeMay who in the last war wanted to wipe Japan off the map--his recipe today for North Vietnam and perhaps tomorrow for China--no doubt regret that the O.A.S. failed to eliminate President de Gaulle and take over France.

## THE RACE

By far the most dangerous aspect of the power of the military involves its fixed determination to continue the suicidal race in nuclear weapons. The Joint Chiefs of Staff strongly opposed the Test Ban Treaty which President Kennedy in 1963 negotiated with the Soviet Union--this treaty that gained him the affection and esteem of ordinary human beings throughout the world. As long as he was alive, President Kennedy resisted what his scientific adviser, Dr. Jerome Wiesner, called the "tremendous pressures" of "the military, congressional and industrial sponsors of the antiballistic missile system." To have built such a system then would have cost between \$20 and \$30 billion. "It would already have been obsolete," says Dr. Wiesner now.

For nearly three years after Kennedy's death, McNamara resisted the military-industrial pressures to build an ARM system that was recognized as useless by almost every scientific expert in the administration. The science advisors to three successive presidents (Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson) and the director of research and engineering to three successive Secretaries of Defence, all condemned the proposed costly ARM defence system as contributing nothing essential to the nation's security.

But where Kennedy had sided with McNamara against the military, Johnson sided with the military against McNamara. On September 18, 1967, the day on which the Secretary of Defence finally surrendered to the ceaseless pressure of the missile lobby, McNamara drew a somber picture of the future to which such a renewal of the nuclear arms race would lead. "Technology," he warned, "has now circumscribed us all with a conceivable horizon of horror that could dwarf any catastrophe that has befallen man in his more than a million years on earth." There was, he observed, "mad momentum intrinsic to the development of all new nuclear weaponry."

In the opinion of most scientists the "thin" \$5 billion system voted as an imagined defence against a light nuclear attack from China will develop in time into a \$40 and \$50 billion system against the Soviet Union--and in the end providing no effective defence, should the Russians simply increase their own offensive capacity. "I am certain," declared Dr. Wiesner, "that the system we are now building will be regarded as ineffective before it is installed." So McNamara went down to defeat. The prolonged attack upon him which centered in the House Armed Service Committee, wrote Joseph Alsop, was "sordid in its motives, squalid in its leadership and seamy in its methods."

Thus a new gigantic boost was given to the arms race at a moment when the social problems of America--her slums, her racial ghettos, her inadequate educational facilities, her obsolete methods of transportation, her polluted air, earth and water--were all in most urgent need of funds for their solution. The \$5 billion for the useless "thin" ARM system would have financed a million jobs under the emergency employment program which Senator Joseph Clark had sponsored and which had been approved by the full Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. "The only gainers from our action," declared Senator Clark, "will be the members of the political, military-industrial complex on both sides--in the Soviet Union and in this country. The Russian generals, their allies in the Communist Party, and the men who direct the Soviet defence industry will gain status and prestige at the expense of their colleagues. Their counterparts in the United States will have something more tangible to show--fantastic profits for the contractors, and new stars on the shoulders of the military men who will be in charge of the program." These two groups--the 'defence' contractors and the generals--are the very people who have a vested interest in prolonging the Vietnam war out of which fantastic profits are being made. Do they really want to see it end?

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, whose names the general public is not even familiar with, are now the President's chief advisors in matters of peace and war. McNamara was their victim. These four men of limited vision, their chests beribboned and bemedalled, are indifferent to the domestic and racial problems of the nation, while in Vietnam they press ever harder for a military solution to problems that are essentially political, economic and cultural. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are now not only running the war but in effect directing the foreign policy of the nation. As George Kennan points out, our foreign policy has really been militarized ever since the second World War. Whom the Gods are willing to destroy, they first make mad. According to Arthur Schlesinger, President Kennedy once declared emphatically, and without qualification: "The military are mad." He had reason to know.

It is now reported that a "space bus" that drops nuclear warheads as it flies over every territory is being developed by the United States. One such "bus," fired from a single missile, will carry many individual re-entry weapons with these warheads. The Russians will no doubt develop and Soviet version of the "space bus." Thus, as in Vietnam, each fresh application of military force meets with an equivalent response from the enemy, so that, as far as security is concerned, each side will find itself after the expenditure of many billions of dollars exactly where it started. National security is not to be purchased by such methods. It will be found, if at all, only by applying in international affairs the simple moral lessons of mutual tolerance and forbearance which already, at least to some extent, regulate the private conduct of individuals. But these are the lessons that military men have seldom desired to learn, and of which they are often openly contemptuous.

The \$50 billion which will go for a useless ARM system, at the cost of social reforms which may prove the only alternative to civil war and revolution at home, will keep the military-industrial-labor complex in affluence for years to come. Meanwhile there is the ceaseless pressure from faceless men within the Pentagon for war with China--which, if it comes, will of course be nuclear war. On the first day of 1967, Dr. Ralph Lapp stated that we could destroy China's nuclear facilities and wipe out her large industrial centers, killing fifty million people in a single night; and in late November, 1967, Dr. Wiesner wrote that "ten percent of our SAC bomber force could kill 200 million Chinese." One can already hear the supporters of Governor Reagan muttering: "Well, if we can, why don't we?"

When Senator Gruening recently was in Seattle, he was asked how many men in the Pentagon wanted outright war with China. His instantaneous answer was: "Everyone." As the year 1968 opens, this is perhaps the most ominous aspect of the war in Vietnam: the possibility that the military do not really want peace there at all, but are steadily maneuvering the White House and the nation to the point where nuclear war with China (a defensive one, of course) will seem inevitable. In such a situation no one can predict the response of the Soviet Union, but mankind will surely have drawn closer to the brink of World War III and the probable destruction of civilization. Such are the possible results of a democracy allowing the conduct of its foreign policy to be turned over to military control. Democracy and militarism cannot coexist, and if the warfare state prevails, the already fading dream of freedom will be extinguished.

( "The Fading Dream" is a slightly abbreviated version of a speech delivered by Dr. Costigan last December before the annual ACLU Bill of Rights Day Dinner. )



8 A global thermonuclear war begins.

It is not known who fired first.

It is now 5:12 o'clock Friday afternoon. The sky is clear, except for clouds over the Olympic Peninsula. The temperature is 42° downtown Seattle, and the wind is from the NW at 15 mph.

Approximately 170,000 people are concentrated within a mile radius of Boeing Field. A large segment of them are on the Freeway and arterials, going home. Those remaining are either working or shopping. Most are thinking about the weekend.

Fourteen minutes ago an SS-9 ICBM carrying a thermonuclear warhead with an energy yield equivalent to 30,000,000 tons of TNT (30 megatons) left its launch pad near Verkhoyansk, eastern Siberia, in the Soviet Union.

The warhead detonates 10,000 feet above the Spokane Street Viaduct. Within the bomb several pieces of the radioactive isotope plutonium 239 are imploded together by the fuse mechanism thereby creating a "critical mass". Highly energized neutrons escaping from the disintegrating plutonium nuclei now collide with other atoms liberating more and more neutrons and trigger a chain reaction.

As these nuclei fragment matter is converted into energy, equaling the amount of the mass destroyed times the speed of light, squared ( $E=mc^2$ ). This fission reaction creates a temperature approaching 100,000,000 degrees centigrade and a pressure of 1,000,000 pounds per square inch (PSI).

At this temperature, a second nuclear reaction occurs--thermonuclear fusion of the nuclei of two different hydrogen isotopes, deuterium and tritium, to form helium nuclei simultaneously releasing more energy than that produced through fission, and liberating neutrons from the reacting nuclei.

These neutrons now collide with the nuclei of uranium 238 atoms, which compose the internal casing of the bomb, thus causing a second fission reaction. Ninety-five percent of the weapon's 30 MT yield has been released in the form of thermal (heat) energy, kinetic (motion) energy and initial nuclear radiation of which beta (negatively charged) particles and gamma rays are most significant. The remaining 5% comes from fallout, the highly radioactive debris of the bomb itself.

The nuclear explosion is now complete. Less than 1/10,000,000 of a second has elapsed.

Those on the ground who witness the detonation see a brilliant blue-white flash as though a new sun suddenly appeared only a few thousand feet above them. They hear no sound. Exposed individuals 20 miles from ground zero are permanently blinded.

The vitreous fluid in the eyeballs of people in Burien and Mountlake Terrace melts and flows down their faces. The pilots and passengers of aircraft 300 miles away suffer permanent retinal burns. Anyone closer than 15 to 20 miles receives third degree burns, people over 60 miles from the blast are given first degree burns.

Gamma radiation, a type of X-radiation, penetrates through concrete and steel walls, literally cooking alive the people on the other side. Gamma rays disrupt the chemical reactions that constitute life by energizing the electrons and/or protons of atoms they pass through and causing them to fly off as beta and alpha particles, respectively, thus ionizing the remaining atoms. The metabolism breaks down. This is radiation sickness.

Most within 20 miles of ground zero receive a fatal dose of gamma radiation and will die within 2 to 10 days. Closer individuals are also burnt by beta radiation.

The bomb exploded 5/1,000,000 of a second ago.

The blast superheats the air around it. A sphere of incandescent air, rapidly expands outwards from the vaporized debris of the bomb. At the same time a spherical pressure wave is also growing, with an initial peak pressure of several hundred PSI and a velocity many times that of sound.

As the "shock front" and "fireball" expand their energy rapidly dissipates. The shock front touches the earth before the fireball. The peak overpressure is 40 PSI. Upon contact, a hemispherical reflection wave develops, the base of which merges with the primary shock wave, forming a "Mach stem"--a supersonic wall of compressed air moving along the surface.

The "fireball" swells to over 7 miles in diameter, its temperature ranging between 2,000 to 8,000° C. Glowing reddish orange, the energized air molecules composing the fireball emit thermal and gamma radiation as they gradually cool.

Within the perimeter of the fireball everything combustible is ignited and burning. The Mach stem, preceding the fireball by a fraction of a second levels every structure within a 10 mile radius. Twenty stories of the Smith Tower still stand, a charred, twisted stub. The Space Needle is decapitated, its struts knotted and bent beyond recognition. From Sea-Tac to Mountlake Terrace, the Mach stem has reduced every

building to kindling, to be consumed by the fireball's thermal radiation.

The bomb exploded ten seconds ago.

Trailing the Mach stem, winds many times hurricane intensity, fan the spreading flames as well as shattering any structures which survive being impacted by the pressure front and collapsed by the vacuum directly behind it.

The center of the still luminous fireball begins rising, creating strong convection currents. Swirling smoke and debris form a disc-shaped "toroidal" cloud around the isothermal sphere of radioactive vapors that once was a missile warhead. The toroid sucks dust and smoke up from the burning city below, forming a dense column of cloud.

This mushroom cloud is now 8 miles high and still rapidly ascending. The Mach stem is almost exhausted, its overpressure having dropped below 1 PSI. It extends over 100 miles in every direction from ground zero.

Afterwinds in excess of 200 mph, rake an area 25 miles in diameter as air pours into the vacuum created by the Mach stem, and the rising heated air. Cars, smashed mortar and steel, bodies are lifted by the roaring winds, into a maelstrom of glowing air.

Gas mains explode. Water pipes burst, spewing boiling water. Human flesh becomes charcoal. Many window panes melt as others shatter filling the air with billions of razor sharp particles of glass. Massive waves form in Elliot Bay, Lake Washington and Lake Union, lashing their shorelines with hurricane intensity.

Fires have started in the Cascade forests. Many buildings in Tacoma are aflame. Over three hundred thousand people are dead, burned by radiation and fire, crushed beneath fallen buildings, smashed by flying debris, drowned, lacerated, dismembered or dead from shock. Another 350,000 are fatally injured. It is now 5:13 o'clock.

Within 10 minutes the mushroom cloud has risen to an altitude of 50 miles. Its top, has flattened out and elongated towards the east as stratospheric winds spread its radioactive particles. A shadow, 100 miles wide, falls over Seattle. The Mach stem has blown itself out.

The fire storm rages for another 5 days until everything combustible has been consumed. Many die from suffocation and asphyxiation as the fires replace oxygen with carbon dioxide. Fatal doses of fallout have fallen over 200 miles down wind of Seattle. Radioactive rain in the mountains swells the streams in burned out forests to floodstage.

A 10 MT explosion over the Bangor Polaris Missile facility dusts Seattle with more lethal fallout as well as creating a new firestorm west of the city. For weeks after, the night sky glows with artificial Auroras, stimulated by radioactivity in the atmosphere.

In the Puget Sound area over 1,000,000 people are dead or dying. Thousands more are maimed. The explosion sears everyone, if not physically then psychologically.

Medical service breaks down entirely, each surviving doctor having to contend with thousands of patients. Many who might have survived die for lack of treatment. Sewage systems are gone and disease spreads rapidly. Rats and other pests regain the status they held in the Dark Ages.

A general apathy grips the surviving population as though everyone were in shock. Many become permanently neurotic and even psychotic because of what they have seen and experienced. Social Order has disintegrated.

Food and safe water are almost non-existent. People form looting gangs, hunting among the rubble like packs of wild dogs. Cannibalism occurs.

Government is finally re-established. Military in nature, it asserts its will ruthlessly. Democracy has become a shadow dream of the past.

As man struggles to survive in the nightmare he created, nature also adjusts. The explosion wipes out most birds and other terrestrial vertebrates thus ending the previous ecological balance. Insects, owing to their virtual immunity to radiation and rapid proliferation become masters of the earth and man's main enemy--second only to his fellow man.

The dust released into the stratosphere by the explosion over Seattle and thousands others like it begin changing Earth's climate. By absorbing radiation from the sun they obstruct the insulation of the surface. Average temperatures drop 10° in three years as isotherms shift 600 miles to the south over the northern hemisphere. Precipitation is almost entirely snow, further reducing insulation through reflection of sunlight. Ocean currents readjust, creating massive snow storms at the conflux of warm and cold flows. Glaciers begin advancing southward. An ice age has begun.

In a nuclear reaction the forces which bind atoms together, which constitute matter, are shattered. In a nuclear war the forces which bind men together, which constitute civilization, are shattered. It is as though all the energy that went into building thousands of years of human history was in a fraction of a second, unleashed.

BOOM

WALT CROWLEY



The child is father to the man. Or, to twist scriptures a bit, "your young men shall dream dreams and your old men shall see visions." Old man Jack Delay -- whom you don't see pictured here -- has managed to survive a somewhat harried year and still "see visions." Young man Jackie Delay -- whom you do see pictured here -- is one good reason why his old man...gung-ho air force cadet gone chemical apostle...has reasons to be even sentimental in transition from that year to this.

I first met Jack in conjunction with the Seattle -Leary firrago. John Spellman requested in the late hours of Leary's visit that I help him find some bands and a hall for a heretic (not sanctioned by the city fathers) assembly. So I did what you did then: I went to the Bookworm -- Jack and Sally's shop -- found the bands ... and Jack. The Bookworm was then the old-book-smelling-substance of things hoped for. In a matter of 12 hours we realized and illuminated Norway Hall for a Leary quicky. Since that time both Leary and some of those hopes have slightly faded. The street scene once energetic and creatively anarchistic is now mostly sullen and depressing. The dances have been concertized (and Monte West trivially victimized). But for Jack and Sally the list of little buggers and colossal bummers is impressive. (Enter Chorus of little and colossal cries) For a little list: they were kicked out of the Bookworm, after being pushed and pursued from mooring to mooring their houseboat finally sank, their (and others) belongings were stolen, Jack was banned from speaking in the public schools (light shades of carmichael), and one desk sergeant (look below) attempted to take their child away...whom you do see pictured here. (The scene, the Cowen Park Be-In-Wake for the Bookworm. The photographer: Finholt...all rights reserved.) That's just a little list.

The point is Jack has continued to see Visions -- some of them chemically sponsored -- and has with utopian insight understood that they needed to be communicated. And as might be expected he has in return been harrassed by man and nature. (Only God has managed to stay out of the picture or perhaps deep within it.) In order that the coming of '68 be not a time for woe-saying but for "growing up" Jack -- with just a hint of religion -- testifies.

**PAUL DORPAG**

His love is universal, we have learned from it. It knows not the abstract boundaries of race, creed, and nationality. He is a free man, he has freed us. The hope that he has given us is that he may grow without the pollution that man in aggregate societies has perpetuated upon himself.

His honesty is wholesome, it has taught us the beauty of existence, it has taught us the hollowness of goals. It is essential for men to be honest, no man can justify dishonesty on the basis of results or the fact that others may not be honest. If it cannot start with you, all hope is gone. And honesty is hard, you have to work at it twenty-four hours a day. Its rewards are beauty and peace.

His patience is a pillar, it is the pillar man needs to avert war, revolution, and frustration. Man cannot afford to interpret his own inability to communicate ideas, philosophies, or systems as a deficiency in other people. A Sergeant in the Wallingford Precinct filed a dependency case to take Jackie away from us. He, too, is a good man.

We have all grown to love Seattle. We believe that it will grow. But that it will grow. But the kind of growth it needs won't happen with the R.H. Thompson Expressway, or Rapid Transit Systems, or Forward Thrust, or with 150 negroes at the University of Washington. It will happen with people...like Jackie.

**JACK DELAY**

The young child on this page is my son, he is one small part of the hope that keeps men going, he has helped Sally and me grow. A few days after Christmas one of my best friends (and co-owner of the houseboat Rapid Transit with us) was visiting. It was late at night and very peaceful. Jackie woke up and came downstairs rubbing his little eyes. He sat in my lap and slowly took in the scene. The room, lit by candles, is furnished with many of the articles from the boat. After he saw all this and Dave there too, a gentle smile came over his face and he looked at me asking, "Are we going home now?"

"No, Jackie...we've lost the boat."

After a long pause he asked, "They're taking it away?"

Searching hard for words I could only say, "Jackie, either Mommy and Daddy and our friends have made a mistake, or a lot of other people have. You'll probably learn in your lifetime who was wrong."

I don't know what the experts say about a child's intellectual capacity at age three, but I do know that he understood. And he has understood before, he is the single greatest source of strength that has brought us through a year in which we lost our business and our home.







# SONGS BY JOE McDONALD

OF COUNTRY JOE AND GEE FISK

## WHO AM I

Who am I, to stand and wonder,  
To wait, while the wheels of fate  
slowly grind my life away,  
Who am I?

There were somethings that I loved one time,  
But the dreams are gone I thought were mine  
And the hidden tears that once did fall  
Now burn inside at the thought of all  
the years of waste, the years of crime  
The passions of a heart so blind  
think that, but even still  
As I stand exposed the feelings are felt  
And I cry into the echo of my loneliness

Who am I, to stand and wonder,  
To wait, while the wheels of fate  
slowly grind my life away,  
Who am I?

What a nothing I've made of life  
The empty words, the coward's plight  
To be pushed & passed from hand to hand  
Never daring to speak, never daring to stand,  
And the emptiness of my families' eyes  
Reminds me over and over of lies  
of promises & deeds undone  
And now again I want to run,  
But there is no where to run to.  
now

Who am I, to stand and wonder,  
To wait, while the wheels of fate slowly grind my life away,

Who am I, to stand and wonder,  
To wait, while the wheels of fate  
slowly grind my life away,  
Who am I?

And now my friend we meet again,  
And we shall see which one will bend  
Under the strain of deaths' golden eyes  
Which one of us shall win the prize  
To live & which one will die  
'Tis I, My friend, yes 'tis I  
shall to live, again & again  
To clutch the throat of sweet revenge  
For life is here, only for the taking

Who am I, to stand and wonder,  
To wait, while the wheels of fate  
slowly grind my life away,  
Who am I?

## WROUGHT DREAM

I walked through  
The center air of summer's blooming,  
Into the frozen air  
Of winter's dying.  
And as tears inside me fall  
The pain of old wounds  
Calls me to mend them  
And I realize once more  
That things done before  
Have no ending.

I feel the cold  
Of eve slowly waning.  
As sun burst rays  
Of warmth overtake me  
And the twisted seeds of doubt  
Which spread my sins about  
Lie parched and withered.  
And the present, not the past,  
Claims me at last,  
For it's not over.

## PAT'S SONG

Bring flowers, and bring them  
Around her grass hair  
Bring leaves from the mountain  
And boxes of air  
Bring baskets of food  
And things you can share  
And the moon will shine in her eyes.

She will stand in the sea,  
With her body like sand  
And the dolphins will come  
Kiss the palms of her hands  
As she opens her soul  
To the water & land  
Her smiles will color the sky.

Will bottles of light  
And sacks of clay  
With music to dance  
And songs to play  
With lemons and candles  
You'll see the way  
That the moon will shine in her eyes.

She will fly on the wind  
With her face to the sun  
And children will dance  
All around her for fun  
Just ask her for love  
And she'll give you some  
For her smiles will color the sky.

## FLYING HIGH

I was stuck on the LA Freeway  
Got the rain water in my boots  
My thumb done froze  
Can't feel my toes,  
I'm feeling a little destitute.  
The wheels throw water  
All over my ax.  
And Mr. Jones won't lend me a hand.  
Up comes two cats in a Cadillac  
And they say "Won't you hop in, Man"  
I went flying high  
All the way, all the way.

The one that's driving got a boler hat,  
The other's got a fez on his head.  
They sit around and grin,  
And I grin back,  
But not a word was said  
So I took out my harp and played 'em a tune,  
I could see they were digging it  
Then the one with the fez,  
He turns and he says,  
"We'd like to help you make your trip:  
And I went flying high,  
All the way, all the way.

He said we can't leave him  
Out in the rain,  
He just might freeze and die,  
So why not put him on a plane,  
And send him home in the sky.  
So they took me to the LA airport  
And laid \$20. in my hand  
Well I paid my fare  
And I'm in the air,  
Flying back home again,  
And I went flying high  
All the way, yeah all the way,  
All the way, I went flying high.

LISTEN TO JOE'S MUSIC, LISTEN TO HIS WORKS: IF YOU  
HAVEN'T MEMORIZED THE WHOLE THING, WORDS ARE RE-  
PRODUCED HERE. HEAR HOW THEY ARE CONTROLLED, HOW  
THEY MEAN SOMETHING. NOT A DONOVAN/BLONDEL SILVER-  
FIRE-LYRE MUSEUM CATALOGUE, BUT MEAN SOMETHING.  
NOW GO BACK TO YOUR RECORD PLAYER. TRY FLYING HIGH,  
NOT SO SWEET MARTHA LORRAINE, WHO AM I.

## NOT SO SWEET MARTHA LORRAINE

She lives in an attic  
Concealed on a shelf.  
Behind ballrooms of literature  
Based on herself,  
And runs thru the pages  
Like some tiny elf  
Knowing it's hard to find  
Stuff way back in her mind  
Winds up spending all of her time  
trying to memorize every line  
Sweet Lorraine,  
Ah Sweet Lorraine.

Sweet lady of death,  
Wants me to die  
So she can come sit by  
My bedside and sigh.  
And wipe away the tears  
From all my friend's eyes.  
Then softly she will explain  
Just exactly who was to blame  
For causing me to go insane  
And finally blow out my brain

Ah sweet Lorraine, sweet Lorraine  
Well you know,  
It's a shame & a pity  
You were raised up in the city,  
And you never learned nothing about country  
Oh 'bout country ways. ways,

The joy of life  
She dresses in blue  
With celestial secrets  
Ingraved in her back  
And her faces keeps flashing  
That she's got the knack  
But you know,  
When you look in her eyes,  
All she's learned  
She's had to memorize  
AND the only way  
You'll ever get her high  
Is to let her do her thing  
And then watch you die.  
Sweet Lorraine, Ah Sweet Lorraine

Now she's the one  
Who gives us all those magical things.  
And reads us stories  
Out of the I Ching  
Then she passes out  
A whole new basket of rings  
That when you put on your hand  
Makes you one of the angel band.  
And gives you the power to be a man,  
But what it does for her  
you'll never quite understand,  
Sweet Lorraine, Ah, Sweet Lorraine



# DOL. II FELIX CALLENDAR NO. VIII

SCAFF MEMORIAM 3128 HARPARD SEATTLE WA. 98102



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